Then Madam stand resolu'd, but hope withall,
The selfe same Gods that arm'de the Queene of Troy
With oportunitie of sharpe reuenge
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May fauour *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queene)
To quit the bloody wrongs vpon her foes.

Enter the sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Lucius, See Lord and father how we haue performd
Our Romaine rightes, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt,
And intrals feede the sacrifising fire,
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the skie.
Remaineth nought but to interre our bretheren,
And with lowd larums welcome them to Rome.

Titus. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his latest farewell to theyr soules.

Sound trumpets, and lay the Coffin in the Tombe.

In peace and honour rest you heere my sonnes,
Romes readiest Champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps:
Here lurks no treason, here no enuie swels,
Here grow no damned grudges, here are no stormes,
No noyse, but silence and eternall sleepe,
In peace and honour rest you heere my sonnes.

Enter Lauinia.

Laui. In peace and honour, liue Lord *Titus* long,
My noble Lord and Father liue in fame:
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my bretherens obsequies:
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to *Rome*.
O blesse me heere with thy victorious hand,
whose fortunes *Romes* best Cittizens applauld.

Titus. Kind *Rome*, that hast thus louingly reserude

The cordiall of mine age to gla
Lauinia liue, outliue thy fathers
And Fames eternall date for ver
Marcus. Long liue Lord *Tit*
Gracious triumpher in the eyes
Titus. Thankes gentle Trib
Marcus. And welcome Nep
You that suruiue, and you that s
Faire Lords your fortunes are ali
That in your Countries seruice
But safer triumph is this funerall
That hath aspirde to *Solons* happ
And triumphs ouer chaunce in
Titus Andronicus, the people of R
Whose friend in iustice thou has
Send thee by me their Tribune a
This Palliament of white and s
And name thee in election for th
With these our late deceased Em
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it o
And helpe to set a head on head
Titus. A better head her glor
Then his, that shakes for age an
What should I d'on this robe an
Be chosen with proclamations t
To morrow yeeld vp rule, resig
And set abroad new busines for
Rome I haue bene thy Souldier
And led my Countries strength
And buried one and twenty vali
Knighted in Field, slaine manfu
In right and seruice of their no
Giue me a staffe of Honour for m
But not a scepter to controule the

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